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IN VACATION.

Why He Plead Guilty.—A lawyer who had some business to attend to in a small Virginia town, not long ago, tells of an amusing case which he witnessed tried. A negro was charged with stealing a hog. The actual merit of the evidence of the dozen or so witnesses amounted to half of them rather thinking that he had stolen the shoat, and the other half sort of having an idea that he hadn't. The old judge waved them aside impatiently, lighted his corn-cob pipe, and addressed the prisoner.

"Look hyah, Mose," he demanded. "Did yo' steal that hog, or didn't yo'?"

The negro fumbled his wool hat and rolled his eyes.

"'Fo' Gord, Mars Henry," he said, earnestly, "ah nebber stole dat horg, but"—as a disbelieving frown gathered on the Judge's brow—"ef yo' kinder thinks ah done stole him, Mars Henry, an' gwine to gib me six months for lyin', lack yo' done befo', ah radder lie 'bout hit an' 'fess ah did steal hit, 'an get two months for stealin' de horg ah didn't stole—so ah pleads guilty, sah!"—Cent. Law Journal.

Telephone Law.—From time to time Justice Wauhope Lynn hands down decisions from the bench which stir up the habitual oppressors and fill their accustomed victims with joy. His latest judgment is that when the janitor's wife taps an apartment house tenant's telephone wire, and thereafter retails perverted scraps of the private conversation surreptitiously overheard, the tenant may legally break his lease. This decision we believe establishes a precedent.

It is certainly gratifying, though it might not stand the test of appeal to the United States Supreme Court. The law in regard to tenants and landlords is complex and seems generally to have been devised to protect the landlord. But Justice Lynn's decision is of interest beyond its principal point.

It establishes the legal status, so to speak, of the telephone. The Justice holds that it is "not a toy or an instrument to be played upon," but a "real, living part of ourselves." How true this is! To many of us the telephone has long been as real and living a part of ourselves as a headache or a fit of indigestion. It must hereafter be regarded, says Justice Lynn, as a sacred part of our home. Well, very sacred words have been used by persons trying to make the telephone a real, living part of themselves.—N. Y. Times.

Coercion.—They tell the story that in a prosecution in one of the Maryland courts a small darkey was on trial for the stealing of chickens. The prosecution introduced the uncle of the accused to prove a confession. The defense objected to the introduction of the confession on the ground that it had been obtained by coercion

and the question was asked the venerable darkey as to whether he had obtained this confession from his nephew by promises of reward or threats. Turning to the Judge and scratching his head, he thus delivered himself:

"Mars' Jedge, I jes' tell you I didn't promise dat nigger nothin' an' I don' know nothin' 'bout dis co'shon you are talkin' erbout, but I jes' tell you de whole fac'. 'I had ben 'spectin dat nigger of stealin' Mars' Willyum's chickens case of his stayin' out so late at night an' havin' mo' money dan a nigger of his age and sarcumstance ought ter have, so I sot up one night tell nex' mawnin' an' when he got in I never sed nothin' ter him—I jes' cotch him an' tuck off his clo'es an' tied him ter de bedpos' an' den I went to de rack an' I got down my cowhide an' fo' Gawd, Mars' Jedge, dat nigger jes' 'fest up befo' ever I acted on him."

The testimony was admitted.

Lucid Argument.—It is said that in Richmond great rivalry exists between two colored janitors, one of one of the high courts of justice and the other of an institution of which it is expected that the Supreme Court of the United States will shortly say whether it is a court or not. The janitor of the latter approached the janitor of the former some days ago and with great pride informed him that two of the biggest lawyers of the State had been "argufying for two days before his cote," and he proceeded as follows:

"Nigger, you aint got no talkin' in yo' cote like dat as is in ourn. We had de General of de State an' one of de big bugs argufyin' befo' our cote from ten o'clock in de mawnin' tell late at night. You never hearn no sech argument in yo' cote nor any other cote. De way dey 'splained things an' argued things an' talked back, fust at one an' den at de other is ouden all kin' o' character, an' dey done talk two woole days an dey gwine on agin termorrer. You don' have nothin' like dat in yo' cote."

"Well," said the other janitor, "What wuz dey argufyin' erbout?"

"Humph! Dey aint neider of 'em say yit."

The Judge's Knowledge.

Judge—Mr. State's Attorney, before you can introduce this witness you must show the loss of the record.

State's Attorney—I presumed your honor was aware of the fact that the records of Marion county were burned.

Judge—As a private citizen I do know the fact, but as the court I do not, and you must put the proof of the fact into your case.

State's Attorney—Well, your honor, it strikes me a little singular that your honor knows something off the bench, and don't know anything on it.